



THE POETS' MAGAZINE.

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"NOTHING VENTURE NOTHING HAVE,"

BY LEONARD LLOYD.

CHAPTER IV.

"So Winds behold your prey ! Come, hedge me round
With all your hellish horrors—heap the waves
In whelming waters high above my head,
And hollow out my graveyard—hiss and seethe,
And press about your victim—crash and crush,
And chill the blood which bounds within his veins,
And tear the life-breath from him. Yet ye powers
Which serve the Prince of darkness, learn ye this—
When all your strength is spendèd ye but cast
One soul the more from this strand to the next,
God's strand for shipwrecked life—eternity."

Ianthe.

Far away upon the broad Atlantic Ocean, tossed to and fro by wailing pitiless winds, breasting bravely huge foaming billowy masses of water, tangled in inextricable mazes of mocking Neptune's weaving, a tiny unpretentious vessel still rides triumphant through her travail.

From dawning until noonday the storm-king has laughed at

and assailed her, hurling against her stalwart resistant bulwarks the force of his ocean armoury, gathering his dreaded demon host around her, searching each nook and crevice for a fatal entrance, raging, shouting, cursing, mad with an insatiable desire for the destruction of this rival on his waters.

Half-a-dozen souls (an insignificant number from the millions may be, yet each with tensioned sense and feeling) fearlessly await their fate—a dozen hands are right willingly employed in apparently useless endeavours to defy the storm-king and bring the *Bonnie Bird* in safety through the surge—half-a-dozen beating hearts are still havens of hope, notwithstanding the surrounding perils and the fearful odds against them. But a sailor's heart and hands are hardy, and a sailor's faith is strong.

One there is among them, however, who is no sturdy sailor; yet the flashing fire in his eyes is as fearless, the living hope in his heart as unwavering as the oldest and most life-reckless among them. The personification of a bold defiant Norse-king is Harold Averyl, as he stands upon the wave-washed deck clinging to one of the bulwarks; his tall manly form, his white unflinching face and tumbled yellow curls defined clearly against a background of black tumultuous clouds and blacker roaring waters.

What prison-hold more appalling; what dawning death more hideous in its aspect than to go down into the great deep, when in the blindness of its revengeful, remorseless fury it hollows a yawning gulf for its powerless prey—a helpless atom amid the infinite, the unknown!

The bewildered suicide, who leaps to the arms of the silent monarch, as he looks up smiling between the ripples of the river, has a quiet couch to hope for; the soldier 'mid the cruel carnage of battle keeps ever before him the inspiring resolve that he himself will be spared, though all-unsparing; but the man who is brought face to face with death on a solitary waste of seething waters, has no peaceful slumber imaged before him, has no hope of sparing to brace his failing energies, unless, indeed, it be the certainty of a glorious hereafter, or the quick-

ening influence of a present despair. True, the misguided suicide will find his couch of roses but a bed of thorns at best; true, the soldier's boastful resolve is often scattered to the winds by some well-aimed bullet or some sword thrust in an unguarded moment, still the bitterness of death, the horror of the *waiting* for his approach is passed; and the rest is but slight suffering, followed to the Christian by swift bliss.

It is three months since, in a fit of jealous fury, George Averyl pushed his cousin from the dizzy height of cliff near Ulverston. Three dreary months of constant uneventful restraint to our hero, to the monotony of which, were it not for Muriel, he believes death to be preferable. Now, however, Nature has interposed to release him from his thralldom; and, standing on the deck of the little smuggling vessel, which has so long been his prison, he once again feels himself free—free as the maddened rolicking winds which buffet him, fetterless as the raging sea around.

Rescued from his perilous position on the ledge of cliff where he had fallen, when consigned by his rival to the mercy of the darkness and the dizzy unfathomable depths, he had been carried by his deliverers (a party of daring unscrupulous smugglers) in an unconscious condition to their vessel, in the hope, that one who appeared to occupy such an exalted position in life as this youth, would offer a large sum for his ransom.

Disappointed in their mercenary expectations by the tale of poverty which Harold told on his recovery, and fearing to allow him to return to his home, lest he should inform against them, they had bound and kept him prisoner in the vessel's hold, giving him enough food for bare existence, and treating him rather with indifference than harshness. But, now that death stares them in the face, and immediate danger outweighs all minor considerations for a possible future, a fellow human feeling has induced these rough men to listen to their captive's pleas for an untrammelled death, and to set him *free*.

Freedom! What magic lurks in the word—what an inexplicable sense of nobility, what an influx of hope and strength its mere mention will bring us! Freedom for individual thought, for

word, for action; freedom for the patriot from the yoke of foreign bondage; freedom for the slave from the will of a hated master; freedom of the virtuous from the long time dominion of vice; freedom of the captive from his dungeon; of the fluttering pining lark from his cruel cage confinement; and (last step upon life's ladder) freedom of the exultant spirit from its clay. God created man free; and it is only in the perfecting of this birthright of freedom that he can find a well-spring of happiness.

Still the tempest roars and rages unsatisfied. Much prey has been gathered to the Ocean's heaving, panting bosom, yet its yearning is unstilled, the sacrifice the storm-king exacts is incomplete.

Another hour of waiting horror has added a further complement of despair to the hearts of the sufferers, and still there is no sign of deliverance from man or God, no stronger abler vessel which might prove a refuge when their tiny craft can hold out no longer, no abatement of the storm as token of saving help from heaven.

Yet another hour, and the *Bonnie Bird* has sprung a leak, making her fate, so long delayed, inevitable and near approaching. As a forlorn hope the boats are lowered, and the handful of men, separating with blanched faces, but cheerful farewell words, commit themselves unhesitatingly to their care, and are speedily carried away from the sinking vessel in the arms of a giant billow.

Harold Averyl, who has taken refuge with two of the sailors in one of the boats, strives to cheer and inspirit his companions by bold trustful words, but the roar of the surge, and the hoarse screams of a multitude of loosened winds from the four quarters of heaven drown his voice often before it has reached the man by his side. "We are as near heaven by sea as by land," said one of England's heroes, and Harold repeats the brave words reverently, adding many comforting assurances of mercy to be found by those who seek, through Christ the sacrifice for sin.

The boats have been driven far apart by the conflicting elements, and now a wide gulf of tossing water lies between;

but, with the true sailor fellowship even when deadliest dangers threaten, the occupants of each boat eagerly watch for the safety of the other; and the first cry of anguish which Harold hears, is when a monarch billow, with a shout of demon triumph, engulphs the second struggling boat and draws it down to sure destruction. The cry was not from the drowning, however, was not the wail of "some strong swimmer in his agony," but was wrung from a father's heart as his first-born sank in his sight, and mad with the irreparable loss, he leapt into the same grave that he might be his companion, even in his death.

Thus the bitterness is passed for four of the crew of the *Bonnie Bird*, and then after long-continued futile attempts to secure the remaining twain, the rage of the tempest abates, and the storm-king is fain to be satisfied with the victims who have surrendered to him. So the canopy of cloud overhead is shattered, and between the rents the day-king peeps to witness earth's devastation; while, quieted like a song lulled child, the mighty ocean sleeps upon its bed, exhausted, and at peace.

After the storm succeeds an interval of almost perfect calm. No vagrant breeze ruffles the smiling face of the slumberous ocean, and the survivors in the tiny oarless, rudderless boat are preparing themselves for a worse horror, a more fearful death than that which has been dealt out to their former companions—the lingering gnawing anguish of starvation. Already their mouths are parched, and the pangs which the shipwrecked share with the traveller over desert tracks of sand have assailed them; while the taunting presence of water all around is a continual temptation.

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The sixth day had dawned—the sixth day of raging thirst, of lingering starvation.

"Better for us that we had perished with the rest," murmured the old sailor, the last survivor of the crew of the *Bonnie Bird*—"better that he and I had gone down with the ship, or leapt into our graves with the captain, than linger on like this," he continued bitterly, as he bent over Harold's prostrate form

stretched motionless in the bottom of the boat—"I might as well throw the youngster overboard while he is unconscious, and so put him out of his pain poor lad," added the old man musingly, after his hand had sought and felt the faint flutter at the other's heart, "but no, I have not the strength to lift him—Maybe he will wake to madness? Well, and am I not mad myself with this terrible thirst? and one madman more or less can make but little difference to our certain fate—God help me! It is hard to die like this, a helpless, hopeless dog."

Weakened by the close confinement in which he had been kept Harold Averyl had proved less able to bear up against privation than his companion; and thus, after a brave but useless resistance, hard-strung nature had at last given way, and the young man had fallen from one fit of unconsciousness into another, until he was now, as the old sailor feared, on the verge of delirium and insanity.

Then, while his comrade in misfortune contemplated him pitying yet powerless to succour, and, soothe to say in but little better condition himself, the young man stirred, and, rising on his elbows, looked the old sailor full in the face with sunken, wistful eyes, and asked for Muriel.

"Muriel," repeated the other, shaking his head doubtfully, as though the inquiry for a loved one were scarcely comprehensible to his dimmed senses—"Muriel, lad—aye, and who may that be?"

"Where is she? I love her, she is mine—you have stolen her from me—you have shut out the light of heaven—you have sucked my life blood—and, curse you, you have drowned her!"

The wild words were gasped forth as though each utterance were an added agony; the thin, skeleton hand of the exasperated maniac was raised threateningly, then fell like lead by his side, and the golden head sank back upon the sodden boards once more, the youthful face white and drawn turned upward as in mute appeal to heaven. But the sailor only shook his head again mournfully, and gazed vacantly away to sea.

Was he thinking of the wife who had gone before to glory, or of the children whom his death would leave defenceless, orphans

in a wide world of selfish strugglers?—or had the capability of thought and feeling deserted him before the final desertion of the life-spark flickering in his breast?

We have heard of sweet dreams which come to the drowning, which rush in with the ripples and soften or entirely displace the agony. We have heard of the minds of those attacked by the last death-throes (administered in other and varied ways) wandering in an elysium of their own or of angel-creating; but we fail to find the proof that they are exempt from suffering until the last stroke is laid upon them—then, indeed, we may see the smile upon the lips, the softening of the lines about the forehead, the restful childlike slumber upon the closed eyelids of the righteous; and, noting these things, we can scarcely refuse to believe that they have found an answer to all their doubtings, a deliverance from all their fears.

Thus Harold muttered on of Muriel and of murder—now fancying himself wandering with her he loved upon the sea-shore, or through the meadows at Ulverston, now lamenting pitiously over her mangled corpse, and calling down heaven's curse on her destroyers; but amid his wildest ravings he was still true of heart and constant, even as she in her calm misery had proved to him. Then the distraught imagination brought before the stricken youth fair pictures of his childhood long forgotten, the vision of a mother, radiant with the joys of motherhood and wifehood, who held him closely to her heart and showered kisses upon the rosy lips of her darling, while he twined his arms around her and lisped his baby-love. Then back again to the monotonous details and horror of his prison life on board the *Bonnie Bird*, and his yearning for freedom and for Muriel.

And now the wind had risen from his resting, and the little boat was drifted onward through the wilderness of waters at the mercy of every wave and changeful wanton breeze; the old man sitting silent in the stern, and the wasted youthful form lying prostrate at his feet making a strangely weird picture of misery which must surely touch any human heart, should some vessel be driven before the wind to their succour, ere the demon of starvation could count them for his own.

Presently, however, Harold became restless and inclined to be violent. Starting up suddenly, at the eminent risk of overturning their frail refuge, he again accused his companion of having decoyed away or murdered his love, and then, exasperated by the stony eyes and speechless quivering lips which were turned towards him, he sprang upon him, regardless of the peril to both, and grappled as if for dear life, exerting his little store of strength to fling his unoffending adversary overboard. Fortunately, with this new danger the latent love of life in the sailor's breast burst into new being; and, comprehending the situation at once, he besought the infuriated youth by all he held most sacred and most dear, not to doom them to destruction just when help might be at hand—but the maniac only laughed in mocking derision of such fears, and struggled on heedlessly for the mastery. However, the knowledge that life or death depended upon the issue lent fresh power to the elder man's arm and made him more than a match for the wreck of body and of reason with which he had to contend. But a few moments, therefore, had elapsed before Harold was again prostrated, and this time watched over and held down by his companion, who, with cleared vision was anxiously scanning the horizon for the first sign of human approach which would be the herald of their safety. And, yes, sure enough, in the dim distance he caught a glimpse of a tiny fluttering sail, which grew and grew until he could distinctly trace the progress of a vessel bearing down towards them. Then overcome by the resurrection of the hope which had for dreary days lain buried in his breast, the old man, forgetful of all else, bowed his head upon his hands and sobbed like a little child.

(To be continued.)

MARGARET'S TRYST.*

By GERALD DRURY.

The curfew's melancholy toll
Over the peaceful hamlet stole,
As from the ivy-mantled farm,
A maiden clad in youthful charm,
Toward the woodland, took her way;
Bright was her smile as summer day,
No rose's blush vied with her cheek,
Her eye, ah, how that eye could speak!
Whilst simply coiled each ebon tress
Adorned her head with loveliness.

Now sinks the summer sun to rest
From daily toil, now all the west
With his departing splendour glows,
And wearied nature seeks repose.
Softly the lengthening shadows fall,
Dimly the twilight spreads its pall,
Whilst from the wood sweet songsters raise
To heaven an evening hymn of praise,
And then, their Maker thus confest,
Each in the thicket seeks his nest.

The placid lake more silent grows,
Even the pebbly streamlet flows
Less noisily, for on the lake
No longer fishes circles make,
And on the surface of the stream
No more the silvery May-flies gleam

* The youthful Author of this Poem passed into the "Eternity" of which he sings, shortly after its composition. No doubt the reader's interest will be deepened by the sad knowledge.—*Ed.*

With murm'ring wings; the cooling breeze
No longer whispers to the trees
Soft tales of love, but stilly sleep
O'er all around her court doth keep.

See now the silver-footed moon
Start on her trackless course, while soon
The heavens with starry pendants shine
As decked with diamonds, tho' divine,
By the Creator's labour set
To sparkle there—now brighter yet
Beams the lone moon, her lucid ray
Doth o'er the shadowy landscape play,
Revealing with its cold clear light
The solemn secrets of the night—

On thro' a dark secluded glade,
Where tangled boughs perpetual shade
Afforded from the noonday heat,
The maiden passed, beneath her feet
A mossy carpet paved the way
And sleeping flowerets fragrant lay :
The glow-worms on the pathway shine
Like living lamps,—the eglantine,
Its graceful tendrils wandering wide,
Clung blushing to the sturdy side.

Of a young oak—as modest maid,
Love's tender secret just betrayed,
From prying daylight hides her face
Within her lover's fond embrace.
Its brown-green arms the ivy flung
In serpent-folds the trees among,
And with the verdure of the grove
A deeper tint of colour wove,
Until the leaves such darkness shed
As doth the sky when overspread

With wrathful clouds that, flying fast,
In rainy torrents sweeping past,
The sunbeams golden smiles conceal
From mortal eyes, and naught reveal
But gloom, as of Cimmerian night :
Or when with lurid streak of light
God's bolt, hurled with resistless force,
Divides the air in awful course,
And following quickly on the flash
Thro' heaven majestic thunders crash.

But soon the path more open grew,
No longer trees obscured the view ;
But in the centre of the wood
On velvet lawn the maiden stood ;
Above her head the moonlight beamed
And faintly thro' the leaflets gleamed
On either side—while Philomel,
Deep hidden in some bosky dell,
In strains of musical delight
Sang plaintive sonnets to the night.

Within this lonely woodland glade,
Where Margaret her steps had stayed,
Betwixt two slender poplar trees,
Wafting perfumes on every breeze
The honeysuckle's creeping flower
Wove with the boughs a summer bower ;
'Twas here the village lads had made
A rustic seat, here oft they strayed,
And in the solitary grove
Pleaded the story of their love.

Before the woodbine's fragrant bower
Stood Margaret, "It is the hour—
"He has not come, yet he did say
"He would be here at close of day :
"The sun has sunk behind the hill,

"O'er nature eve has worked her will,
"All—all is hushed, day's busy hum
"Has ceased—why—why doth he not come?"
Thus spoke the maid, and all around
But echoes answered to the sound.

Again her winning voice she raised,
Again that voice but echoes praised,
Despairingly she turns to leave,
"Ah! No!" she says, "Could he deceive?"
"I know he soon will—must be here—
"His Margaret he holds too dear
"E'er to forsake"—ev'n as she spoke
A dry bough in the coppice broke,
"He comes!—he comes!"—the maiden cried—
A moment more— he's by her side—

Yes—by her side.—A stately youth
With open brow, and eyes of truth,
Rich auburn clusters crowned his head—
"My own! my love!" the words he said.
Then to his madly throbbing breast
Her fairy form he fondly pressed,
And each on angel wings of love
In spirit soared to heaven above.
Tis strange whilst yet on earth to feel
That love can deathless joys reveal;

Yet 'tis the truth, for God has giv'n
Pure love to lift our souls to heaven—
With death all other passions fly,
But love shall live eternally.
And now, within the woodland bower,
Drinking sweet odours from the flower,
Fann'd by the fitful evening breeze
So softly murm'ring thro' the trees,
The youth and maid together bless
Their lot—then dream of happiness

In future days when marriage rite
Shall render all existence bright,
When joys shall be together borne,
And mutual bosoms brave the storm ;
Until safe o'er life's treach'rous sea
Their souls shall reach eternity.
Alas ! too soon Earth's pleasures die,
Too swiftly lovers' moments fly !
The deep'ning twilight tells the hour
For maid and youth to quit the bower.

Slow thro' the dusky woods they wend
Unwilling steps, the moonbeams send
A ghostly flickering thro' the leaves
And light the webs the spider weaves
From tree to tree, till in the gloom,
Like silver threads from fairy loom
Destined on pixie's form to gleam
In robes of gossamer, they seem.
The bat swift thro' the darkness flies,
Whilst o'er their heads the owlet cries

Waking the echoes of the night—
Now rising weirdlike to the sight
The farmhouse' gabled roofs appear,
The home so long to Marg'ret dear ;
Yet now no welcome fills her heart ;
Home only tells 'tis time to part—
One long—one sadly sweet embrace—
His burning lips cling to her face—
He turns—the teardrops dim her sight,
The gloaming wraps his form in night.

Long years had fled—November drear
With cold winds whirled the leaflets sere,
The gabled farm look'd dull and bare,
Scarce any sign of life was there,
Save that a lonely woman passed

Facing the coldly cutting blast ;
 She sought the pathway thro' the wood,
 And wander'd on until she stood
 Before a wither'd leafless bower.
 Perchance in summer's evening hour

A trysting place for maidens fair—
 'Twas Margaret, long lines of care
 Furrow'd her brow, no laughing smile
 Played on her lip, no merry wile
 Gleamed in her eye, her hollow cheek
 Was reft of roses, whilst a streak
 Of silver dimm'd each ebon tress ;
 Thus faded was her loveliness—
 But though so changed still might one trace
 Love's quiet beauty in her face.

Hubert had died—nor did they meet
 Again beneath the woodbine sweet ;
 Yet not a day, or wet or fair,
 Passed o'er without her presence there,
 Nor did she e'er neglect to tend
 The honeysuckle, and defend
 Its creeping limbs with simple care
 'Gainst wintry blast and summer glare ;
 So great her love, life seemed to be
 A foretaste of Eternity.

THE DIVISION OF THE EARTH.

Translated from the German of Schiller.

Divide the world !
 Proclaiméd Jove from his high heaven ;
 And to the earth the high-born mandate swooped,
 Like as the eagle swoops upon his prey ;
 Though, with this difference, 'twas to give,

And not to take away.

“Divide it as your own; I give it you
As heritage, and a perpetual fief,
But yet, as brothers, share it.”

Then hasted they, each one to get the best;
Busy, bestirring, to the cheerful task,
Of division, large, and easy.

The labourer seized on the pastures, and fruitful fields:
Forests, hills and rivers offered the chase
As fitting to his tastes, to the noble sportsman.
Thus, rich and poor, they both alike, were satisfied.

“*Chacun à son goût*,” but later on,
When the division long had been completed,
From a far distant country, came
Our hapless friend—the poet.

“Ach! there was nought for him,
Each and all were possessors,
Everything had its lord!

“Alas! alas! cried he, am I,
I, thy most faithful son, alone of all, forgotten?
Of all the many who have shared thy bounty!”
So wept and wailed the poet, till at length,
His sad complaining cry
Resounding through the skies,
Assailed the ear of Jupiter, his lord.
Throwing himself before Jove’s throne,
Patiently heard the poet his reproof.

“If poet, in the land of dreams
Thou wanderest, then quarrel not with me!
Where wert thou then, when man the world divided?”

“I was,” replied the poet, “still near thee!
My eyes being on thy radiant countenance,
And thy heaven’s-music falling on my ear
With sweetest harmony, enraptured me—
Pardon the spirit,
Who, thus dazzled with thy brightness

Forgot the earthly."

"What can I do, cried Jove!

The world is given away, the abundant harvest,

The lordly forest teeming with its game,

And the o'erflowing mart

Crowded with specimens of countless nations,

Acknowledge me no longer as their lord;

What have I left to give thee—nought—

Yet if thou wilt, right welcome shalt thou be

With me, in my heaven to dwell:

To thee, as often as thou comest,

Ever will its gates be open."

J. M. J. SAVINON.

A POET'S PURPOSE.

It seems to me no truly loyal mind—

True to a purpose never rashly framed

Nor lightly held—*could* ever be ashamed,

Or shaken by an ever-veering wind

Of public favour, which most errs when kind,

And oft condemns what *critics* had not blamed.

That soul is cramped, which ever having aimed

At nobler ends, can narrower limits find

Than these necessities:—to far exceed

The labour of to-day, before the sun

Has left to-morrow dead—to hold one creed

Of stern fulfilment for each task begun—

To own one aspiration, no less deed

Than to attain to what *the best* have done!

AGNES STONEHEWER.

TO M. G. T.

I sing of thee. For thou art not of those
That rear aloft in pride a haughty head
As if a deathless beauty were their own—
A grace immortal. Thou art not of those,
Else would my lowly harp refuse to pour
The praise that is thy due. More sweetly thou
Glidest thro' the fair garden of my mind
In the clear light of memory divine,
With modest mien and gentle-gleaming gaze,
A look that loves all beauty, and inspires
The soul with fairest thoughts; mild eyes that feel
The pure reflection of the heart within
Filled with the pearly dew of sympathy,
And the clear light of love. And as the moon
Shines most divinely thro' the envious cloud,
That looms like dark affliction on her path,
To fill the land with beauty, even so thou
(While others vainly walk God's glorious world,
As if its sweetness were beneath their gaze,
Its grandeur less in theirs), in quiet pride
Thro' the sweet shades of lowliest modesty
Dost shine into the heart, and fill the soul
Of him that loves the lowly and the pure
With thankful thoughts, that one so fair as thou,
So lily-like in meekest tenderness,
Movest like Peace along thy heavenly way!
For as the star that loveth not the light
Of burning day, gleams brightest in the gloom;
So Virtue—fairest flower that blooms along
The paths of life—pales in the sickly rays
Of all-revealing pride, and sweetest shines
Within the shades of mild Humility.

DAVID R. WILLIAMSON.

LOVE—A LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

(Translated from Göethe.)

Early one morn, I sat upon a crag
And gaz'd into the mist with staring eyes;
Spread, like a canvass with a ground of grey,
It cover'd all things over far and wide.

Beside me came, and placed himself, a boy:
"Dear friend," says he, "how canst thou, staring thus,
Contented on the vacant canvass gaze?
Hast thou for painting and designing then,
Indeed, for aye all inclination lost?"
I viewed the child, and to myself I thought;
What, will the booby play the master then?

"If thou remain'st for ever dull and idle,
No good will come of it," the youngster said,
"A little picture see, I'll draw thee now,
A pretty picture teach thee how to paint."

Then stretch'd he his (red as a rose it was)
Forefinger to the outspread tapestry,
And with his finger, strait began to draw.
Above a sun most beautiful he drew,
Which in my eyes with powerful radiance shone,
And on the clouds a golden rim he placed,
And let the rays pierce through and through the clouds;
Then painted tender airy sprouts on trees
Just putting forth their buds; and sketch'd the hills
Behind each other rising free and far;
Nor was 't in water wanting down below,
A stream so true to nature there he drew,
That, in the beams o' the sun, it seemed to shine,
And murmuring seemed to break upon the bank.

Ah me! what flowers were there the stream along,
What colours o'er the meadow were diffused,
Gold and enamel, purple too and green!
Like emeralds and carbuncles strewn they seemed,
And clear and pure the azure sky he drew,
And far and farther the blue hills appeared;
So that enchanted, I, feeling fresh life,
First on the painter then the picture gazed,
"Have I," so said he, "quite convinced thee now
That I this handiwork well understand?
Yet the most difficult is still behind."

Thereon with pointed finger he portrayed,
And greater care, beside the little wood,
Just at the end, where mightily the sun,
From the clear clouds reflected glancing shone,
The loveliest girl, well formed and gaily clad,
Fresh cheeks beneath brown hair, colour of cheeks
Like to the finger, which had painted them.

"Oh what a master must, thou boy," cried I
"Have been thy teacher, that so quick and true
All is cleverly begun and well completed."

Behold, as yet I speak, a breeze gets up
And moves the sprigs, to ripples stirs the stream,
Puffs out the veil of the all-perfect maid,
And, what still more astounded me astounded,
The girl begins to move her foot, sets out,
And comes, draws near the spot whereon I sit,
With the waggish teacher seated by my side.

Now then as every thing bestirred itself,
Trees, stream, and flowers, and the veil,
Aye, and the tender foot of the most fair,
Think ye, indeed, that I, upon my rock,
Did still and stock like to a rock remain?

JOHN STAPLETON.

SACRED SONG.

Sing ye saints the songs supernal,
 Ringing in the Saviour's ears ;
Tell Him that His love eternal,
 Quenches all your burning tears.

Gladly lift your cheerful voices,
 Let the Father hear you sing ;
Tell Him that each soul rejoices,
 While we praise the wounded King.

See Him seated high in glory,
 Hear the songs the angels raise ;
Mark that face once marred and gory,
 Now the theme of ceaseless praise.

J. O.

THE STORM.

'Tis grand to stand in some secluded glen,
And in security to watch the storm
That threat'ning rises o'er the neighbouring hills.
To feel the wind increase in angry gusts,
And hear it moan, and sigh, amongst the trees,
His mournful music of impending strife.
Then on the blast dark rugged clouds are borne,
Fringed with the colour of tempestuous rage,
Which look as if the spirits of the Storm
Were working in their deep unseen recess,
To raise the tempest by their magic spells ;
Their glowing furnace, made by distance faint,
Just tints the portals of their dark abode.
Now columns of dark clouds roll o'er the hills,
And pregnant with the storm, they seem to rest

Their dusky load upon the mountain's top,
Casting a gloomy mantle o'er the glen.
No sound is heard—save from the plaintive wind,
Which finds in every branch a rude shaped harp,
On which to play its mournful melody.
A feeble flash shoots past the upturned eye,
Soon followed by a low continual noise,
Like the report from distant heavy guns.
A drop of rain salutes the fevered cheek ;
The lightening cleaves with crooked stroke the clouds,
And round the peaks in vivid flashes plays ;
As if the clouds some angry monster held,
Whose fiery tongue is darted at the hills,
Then vanishing, it leaves a deeper gloom.
Now overhead the crashing thunder breaks,
It sounds as if the sky were rent in twain,
Or that in heaven some mighty structure fell,
Which in its ruin shakes the depths of earth.
Peal after peal resounds throughout the glen,
And like the roar of cannon charged with death,
Vibrates from crag to crag. The peaks resound,
And echo answers with a fainter peal.
Onward it bounds, it swells, then dies away,
And dying, mutters amongst the distant hills.
Down pours the rain, the tempest rage is spent,
And like a woman's anger, ends in tears.

R. HIGGINS.

BERTHA'S GARDEN.

It shall be a fairy garden
Where no human foot ere falls,
And a fairy shall be warden
At the outside of the walls—
To keep evil thoughts away,
From the sweet place night and day.

And a bower of peerless beauty
Shall stand in the centre place,
And the birds, as if in duty
To its more than earthly grace,
Will pour round it all day long
A full flood of heavenly song.

And the sound of waters streaming,
Shall make happy music there,
And the flowers, blue-eyed and beaming,
Will shed beauty in the air,
And with odours of delight,
Stay the wild bee in its flight.

And that bower shall never vary
Its sweet hues in sun or shower,
For I shall be queen and fairy
Of the garden—and my power
Will make all things doubly fair—
And Spring shall be deathless there.

And my ring-dove shall be near me,
Singing ever its low song,
And its soft brown eyes will cheer me,
Should I find the day too long,
Or with memories of the past
Feel a sadness o'er me cast.

Ah, "the past," would it then move me
In that golden paradise?
Would the thoughts of those who love me
Bring the tears into my eyes?
In that sweet place would I miss
My fond mother's loving kiss?

Yes, I fear the light and splendour
Of that garden and its flowers,
Would be cold without the tender
Love that cheered my childhood's hours,
And my weary heart would pine
For this happy home of mine.

So farewell my El Dorado ;
I shall be content to dwell
Where the sunlight and the shadow
Sport within my native dell,
And where love shall ever be
A fair garden bower to me.

J. HENDERSON.

VESPER.

Hark ! how the wavering bells peal out uneven
Farewells to light ; while slow the lab'ring moon,
Thro' many a cloud-drift, climbs the steep of heaven,
Up to her silver seat ; whence pours she soon
Her wan, weird light-flood o'er the vast below,
Till turret, roof, and tower bathe in the beamy glow.

Now one by one each fitful murmur dies,
O'er the hushed scene the folds of silence fall ;
Save where his aimless pace the wanderer plies,
Or deep-mouthed watch-dogs to their fellows call.
Or 'neath yon bridge, with voice subdued and deep,
The reedy river, whisp'ring, croons itself to sleep.

EDMOND MERRICK.

SILAS DORNE.

BY GEORGE B. BURGIN.

CHAPTER VI.

The crash had come at last. As Silas was putting on his coat preparatory to setting out to his work there was a knock at the door. He knew, intuitively, it was the knock of his father's old friend, and, for some moments, stood hesitating on the staircase whilst many thoughts flashed through his mind. Chief of these was the dread one of failure! Edgar Treyne had told him he would never receive one penny of the money lent to this friend of his father's. At the time, he had felt such advice to be in the worst possible taste. Now to see if it were true: if so it would crush him entirely. He stood in need of a large sum of money, and this was the only source from whence he could obtain it. If Job Castlemaine failed him, dire, indeed, would be his position. *He would not be able to meet his creditors.* The phrase involved more than he ever deemed it possible. His good name would be tarnished. Men would point him out in the street as that Silas Dorne who made money by going into insolvency. These and many other similar reflections passed through his mind as he stood hesitating. Then, feeling it to be cowardly to remain longer, he went slowly forward to open the door.

"Good day, Mr. Dorne," piped the shrill treble of old Job Castlemaine, "I have come to see you on a matter of great importance."

"Come in, Mr. Castlemaine, but I am rather pressed for time."

Old Job Castlemaine's features were clouded. He looked ill and careworn. His linen, usually of the whitest and glossiest, was now yellow, and he had the conscious air of a man who brings bad tidings. As he sat there, his countenance undergoing many changes in his endeavour to preserve an appearance of calmness, all Silas's trouble turned to pity for him.

"What is it, old friend?" he said, laying his hand softly on Mr. Castlemaine's shoulder.

"Don't, Silas, don't!" groaned the old man, "I—I—," and burying his face in his hands he gave way to a violent fit of emotion.

"Then my forebodings are realised?" asked Silas, huskily.

"Your forebodings are realised! I am not only unable to pay the money I owe you, but am hopelessly insolvent. My shop is closed, and the name of Castlemaine looked up to for the last fifty years will be bandied about from mouth to mouth as that of a dishonest man. I know how much you want the money, Silas, but I haven't a single sixpence I can legally call my own."

"It means dragging me with you," replied Silas.

"I know it, Silas; the knowledge cuts me to the heart. I, who had always meant to befriend you, am now the instrument of your ruin. God help me! It is a sad end to an honourable life, and I fear it will kill me."

Silas did not say a word, but sat, with his hands idly clasped, looking vacantly on the ground. The blow had come. He saw nothing before him but complications of every kind. The old man gazed mournfully at him, and blamed himself afresh.

"Can you not borrow from someone?" he asked.

"Borrow!" exclaimed Silas, "you do not know what you are saying. I have never borrowed a farthing in my life, and do not intend to begin to do so now."

"But your wife and child. Can you not, for their sakes, throw aside your scruples? Oh! Silas! Silas! forgive me for this wrong. It has haunted me day and night, and made a wreck of Job Castlemaine before his time. It is hard for you to curse your father's old friend, Silas. He and I were boys together, we loved each other dearly. For the sake of that ancient friendship let me not go down to the grave without your forgiveness. I have done you a grievous wrong, Silas, but, God is my witness, I hoped, as Time went on, to retrieve my position, and return fourfold the money advanced in my hour of need. Forgive me, Silas. Let not a lonely old man, without a single

friend in the world, go forth to meet its frowns, feeling that he has utterly wrecked the life of one whom he should have helped and protected. Forgive me, Silas! forgive me! I ——”

“Hush! hush!” said Silas. “I have little or nothing to forgive. I am young, and can work to retrieve my position. Take heart, old friend, and be not thus cast down. If in any way my money helped you ’twas but a debt to my father’s memory, do not cancel the obligation by speaking of it. We may yet be able to save something from the wreck. Rely upon my assistance if it should be needed.

The old man could not trust himself to reply, but went humbly out into the bright sunshine, feeling that he had inflicted an irreparable injury on Silas Dorne, and casting about in his troubled mind for some way of repaying the money.

And Silas! He stood motionless by the table where the old man left him, his teeth tightly clenched, and his hands grasping a chair before him, undergoing intense suffering. A fierce battle was raging between love and pride. Job Castlemaine’s suggestion still grated harshly on his ear: he could not wholly drive it away. He had never known what it was to go borrowing, and had hoped that he would never know. This bitter experience was now before him to encounter. If he could but get the money to tide him over his temporary difficulties, in a few months he would be a rich man; if not, and the picture was not a pleasant one, he would be compelled to take some miserable clerkship in order to earn a scanty pittance for the support of his wife and child. His wife! How would she bear poverty? What right had he to expect her, delicately nurtured as she had been, to share his reverses with a good grace. She would say he ought not to have married her whilst his affairs were in such a precarious condition; their success depending upon the honesty of another man, he thought bitterly. Well! it was done now, and could not be helped. A strong man’s bitter anguish was in his heart, crushing down his hopes with an iron pressure. After long deliberation he resolved to seek Edgar Treyne, explain to him the position of affairs, and throw himself upon his generosity. He had some doubts as to the wisdom of such a

course, but it was the only one he could take. With a sigh, he once more put on his hat to go in search of him.

Edgar Treyne was lolling idly at the window, watching the wreaths of smoke from his cigar as they floated out of sight. He did not see Silas, or become aware of his presence, until the latter's hand was laid on his shoulder.

Their greeting lost none of its wonted cordiality on his part. Silas was stiff and constrained. Coming to ask such a favour from this man he could not appear at his ease or talk about ordinary things, as if nothing of vital importance engaged his attention.

"Anything fresh, Silas, in this humdrum old place?"

"Not much," dubiously returned Silas, "except—except—." It stuck in his throat, and he could not get it out.

"Except what, Silas?" and Edgar Treyne wheeled round, struck by something unusual in his manner.

"Except that I am a beggar," said Silas, abruptly.

"Whew!" whistled Edgar Treyne. "Old Castlemaine smashed up?"

"Yes."

"And what will you do?" his gay *insouciance* vanishing as he felt the question was becoming one which might affect his own pocket.

"I don't know."

"Didn't I tell you not to trust that old Castlemaine?"

"Yes; you were right, and I was wrong. He has lost every farthing."

"How does this affect you, Silas?"

"It drags me down with him."

"In fact, his going into insolvency will take you there also?"

"Yes."

"Have you any plans?"

"I have no plans. I came here to tell you my position, and ascertain if you are able to help me."

"My dear fellow——"

"That will do, Edgar. If you cannot help me, why look upon my request as a thing of the past, and forget I ever made it."

"But, Silas, you are so hasty."

"Yes; I am hasty. I do not know how to ask favours, and am too blunt in my manner of doing so. It was always my way, you know, Edgar."

"Yes; now do be reasonable. You come to me, and before the words are out of my mouth, you assume I am going to refuse your request. I must have time."

"Every moment's delay serves to increase the difficulties of my position."

"Is there any chance of your pulling through if I let you have this money?"

"Every chance: it is a certainty."

"Silas, I am sorely perplexed." For the moment, Treyne was speaking sincerely. "I would let you have the money this instant if I could, but there are difficulties in the way which——"

"Very well, old fellow, then there's no help for it," interrupted Silas.

"Nay, you misunderstand me. I did not say I would not lend you the money, but I must have time to turn myself round. My own transactions demand a great deal of capital, and I must consider in what way I can most readily withdraw the sum you require."

"Forgive my abruptness, Treyne. You know, you know —"

"My dear fellow, believe me when I say I deeply sympathise with your unfortunate position. You are not the first to suffer from the faults of others, but, still, it is not the less painful on that account. Call in to see me this evening, and I will let you know how far I am able to help you."

As he watched Silas retreating down the street, Edgar Treyne was conscious of a feeling which, had his friend known it, would have made him scorn to apply to him for assistance. Events seemed to be playing into his hands. He had known, for some time, of old Castlemaine's position, but had not calculated upon the crash coming so soon. It was a little before his plans were fully developed. He felt tolerably secure of his

ground, and sat down to his writing-table with the air of one not at all doubtful of success.

"Dear Mrs. Dorne," he wrote. "A matter of the gravest importance to your own future welfare compels me to request the honour of a private interview with you at about seven this evening. Meet me on the beach at that hour. I would not thus apparently compromise you were it not absolutely necessary. The bearer awaits your answer.

Yours,

Edgar Treyne."

As he folded up his letter it seemed to him a master-piece of Machiavellian policy. It was indefinite enough to excite her curiosity, if fear failed to be sufficient incentive. The evening would show the result of such an interview. His messenger returned with a reply in the affirmative. Taking another cigar, and leisurely selecting a paper-covered novellete of Balzais, he prepared to while away the intervening hours.

CHAPTER VII.

As Edgar Treyne lounged slowly up to the trysting place, with an utter absence of expression on his well-formed features, he was, in reality, pondering deeply over what might occur. In the first place, he did not intend to let Silas have the money he wanted. Schoolboy associations were all very well so long as they did not interfere with the pocket, Silas could not fail to be aware that it was unbusinesslike, and not at all the thing, to borrow money on such very vague, indefinite terms. He had held out certain hopes to him, it is true, but he was not compelled to fulfil them. With such sophistries he dismissed the matter from his mind. Now for Mrs. Dorne. Presently he would see Silas, and tell him that the state of his own affairs precluded his lending the money. Though he was so convinced he was doing nothing mean or underhand he did not quite relish this interview. He knew what Silas said was always to the point, and that point might be a little too direct to please himself.

As he drew out his watch he saw it was the hour appointed. Turning round he came face to face with Silas and Mrs. Dorne.

Filled with confusion he remained in doubt as to what kind of reception awaited him.

Silas was rather pre-occupied, but his manner was a shade less reserved than at their previous meeting. He had conquered himself. Humble pie is not nice to eat, but necessity often makes it a meal on which we must exist. Recognizing this unpalpable truth he was prepared, for his wife's sake, to listen to what terms Edgar Treyne might seek to impose upon him.

"Good evening, Mr. Treyne," said Mrs. Dorne, maliciously enjoying his confusion, "I told Silas you were anxious to talk over this matter with me, and he was gallant enough to escort me hither."

Silas said a few words and then rushed off to an appointment, telling Edgar Treyne that his wife would listen to what he had to say.

There was an awkward pause now that he had gone. Edgar Treyne was the first to speak.

"I thought you understood," he said, in an aggrieved tone, "that I did not wish your husband to know of this?"

"I do not know why you arrogate such a right to yourself," she answered wearily. "You are acquainted with my past life, and think you have a hold on me. I do not fear you, but only despise."

"Hear me——"

"What is the use. I know your mean and shallow nature better than you do yourself. You are, at present, smitten with my beauty, and so, under the guise of friendship, you enter serpent-like into the home of a man who never injured you in any way. It is no use."

"By heavens! you shall hear me," he cried, savagely grinding his heel in the dust, as she turned to go. "Your languid scorn and assumption of indifference I know are feigned for the furtherance of some devilish project. But you shall hear me," and he placed himself before her.

"Yes; I will hear you. You had better be brief or Silas may

return, and, perhaps," scornfully, "you would not then speak so freely as you do now."

"Listen to me. Your husband is a beggar, and must remain so."

"I don't believe it."

"Believe it or not as you please. I hold the power of crushing him by refusing to lend him a certain sum of money. It is for you to decide whether he shall continue a prosperous man, or become a wretched drudge on some small weekly pittance. Think how delightful it will be to return to your original poverty instead of being looked upon as the wealthy Mrs. Dorne. I can save you from all this, but I will not."

"Why?"

"Because," and she felt his hot breath on her cheek, as in his eagerness he laid his hand upon her shoulder, "because if I do this it will separate me from you."

"I do not see how such a separation between us can be very affecting, Mr. Treyne."

"I do. I know very well you will soon grow tired of poverty, and the squalid hut to which your husband will take you. You are not one of those women who lighten the sufferings of others. Your accursed beauty enables you to work men to your will, but it only hides the deformity within."

"That is a strange way to plead your cause, Mr. Treyne—for I will not pretend to misunderstand you—but, pardon me for the suggestion, don't you think it is rather like a certain personage, who shall be nameless, quoting scripture?"

She was as unmoved as if they were conversing about the veriest trifle. As he turned to go, he felt that he had failed, and in his rage determined to wreak his vengeance on her in some way, if only to requite her for such exasperating raillery.

"Fie! fie! Mr. Treyne, you will not turn your back on a lady in that way. I, too, have something to say."

His face cleared as he blamed himself for his impetuosity.

"Pardon me," he urged, "I was wrong."

"Is that anything so unusual? Now listen to me! You think I am a bad woman. *I was one.* It is so like men when

woman is trying to act aright that they should scoff at and deride her. They have no pity to extricate us from the pitfalls into which we are led. You know very well that I dreaded my life here; that I almost hated my husband and child. It is no use speaking to you (wolf in sheep's clothing that you are), of love. The passion which you understand by that name is something entirely different. It relieves me to speak, and I choose you to hear. When I saw you I determined to make you my tool, and use you as a means of escaping from this place. I would have done it, too, although you were so confident in your superior cunning, had it not been for Silas. I woke up in the middle of the night. He was by my bedside praying, not for himself, but for me; poor pitiful me. He feared I could not encounter poverty, and was wrestling with the despair which overcame him. I pretended to sleep but could not. It touched my heart—I sometimes think I have a heart—to know that I was always first in his thoughts. I declared before God I would not do him this grievous wrong, and yet—I must save him in some way. Give me the money if I am to do as you wish."

"But——"

"Yes or no. I would not do him such a wrong without helping him in some way. He may suffer for awhile, but he will grow rich, and store up money for our child, while I—I cannot live to bear the poverty we must undergo together. Give me the money."

He gave it to her, with an exulting smile, lavishing tender caresses upon her.

She shrank from him as if his touch were pollution.

"Not yet, not yet," she cried, the blinding tears filling her eyes. "Leave me now."

He left her, and she sank to the earth, one hand crumpling up the dross for which she had sold herself. Her heart was full of despairing bitterness. Silas's great love had touched her, selfish and worldly woman though she was, filling her being with a sense of mingled pain and joy. Her tears fell upon the notes, and she let them scatter on the sand as if they

were worthless. The good and bad impulses of this woman were difficult to trace. She could not help herself now, but she mourned bitterly over the heart she was about to break. Amid her desolation there was yet a sense of triumph, making her misery the more intense, to think how he would miss her when the sunshine of her presence was withdrawn from his lonely life. It was her own doing. She felt as if she could not draw back. How he would loathe her! Their little child would never learn to know her mother save as a thing to pity and to weep over. The baby fingers that she had once wished so chilled and lifeless, were now clinging with warm gentle touches to her heaving bosom, and calling her to return before it was too late. Too late! too late! as she mechanically uttered the words their full significance flashed upon her. A love as irresistible as the ocean, was filling her whole being. Surely God had punished her in his own time and way. She pictured Silas returning to his desolate home, and finding her not. All this came upon her with startling prescience. His great heart breaking day by day until the strong man became as helpless as a child, and cursed her in the bitterness of his woe. He must curse her as the wrecker of all his hopes; curse her as the desolater of his home; curse her as the mother of his child, and teach her infant lips to breathe a curse upon her too. No! no! no! it should not be so. She would rather suffer a hundred deaths than think of this. She would scheme to give him this money so that he should not know from whence it came, and go away to some distant spot where no one could find her. There she would live a life of penance until death called her away to meet him once again. He would never know the sacrifice she had made for him, although it would be the one redeeming act of her life. She had not dreamed of this. Silas must be saved. Some day she might, perhaps, return to watch over him from afar. God help him to bear it. She did not care for herself, but for him. She had brought him a brief happiness, although, until now, she loved him not. Why had this strange love arisen to fill her barren heart with a thrilling, exulting, unutterable joy? Could not his love be hers a little

longer? Must she put it away from her at once, almost before she realized what it was to feel like this. Yes; it was all over. She had loved and lost; the alpha and omega of her existence were summed up in this. The wild regret, the bitter longings of her soul, the hope of a better life, were all in vain. She had loved and lost; she must live and weep, striving with the iron that entered her soul as if it did not crush all hope within. Some day he would know all, and pity her.

The stars came out, and looked gently down upon her as she crouched there on the sand. The two which Silas, in a playful mood, had called their own, were shining brightly together. Then there came a cloud, and one, the brightest, passed quickly out of sight. She watched for it again but it did not re-appear. So be it. She would be under a cloud until her miserable life was over. Some mercy might be found for her if she repented in sackcloth and ashes, and they would meet again in that bright beautiful world above, which she so long had scorned.

It was all over, she told herself, burying her great love in her heart, and walking swiftly towards the town. It was all over. It only remained for her to carry out her plans, and to flee to some secluded spot to pine away alone. Silas might some day find her grave, and at the sight his scorn would turn to pity. "God bless him," she murmured, speeding on her way, "I never thought to breathe that name upon my lips. God bless him," and it was as if, in saying so, she robbed some precious thing of life, and shut it out for ever from the sun and air. "God bless him. My heart is now of iron to all else beside; of iron—and—and—broken."

(To be continued).

THE TWIN BROTHERS.

A LEGEND OF TINTERN ABBEY.

The Monks of old—the Monks of old! They were a “canny” race,
Discreet as bold—discreet as bold—full of holy grace!

They chose their homes where the keen east wind
Could never a coign of vantage find,
Where the sweet south breeze o’er a clump of trees
Whispered of peace and worldly ease,
And a rising slope conceal’d well nigh
From hungry greed and sinful eye;

Oh! those Monks of old were a gleesome race. They neither
toiled nor spun,
But lounged through life at an easy pace, from morn to
setting sun!

They feasted on the lordly haunch. Relieved by toothsome
game,

They fasted on the speckled trout whenever a Friday came.
They paid no rent, no rate, no tax for tower or cloistered
cell,

And they slept the sleep of a slumbering deep, from eve
to Matin’s bell.

Oh! those Monks of old, those Monks of old; we never again
shall see

So many good men (save now and then) agreeing—to agree!

Adown fair Monmouth’s flowery vale, where threads the silvery
Wye,

And Raglan’s tower, in feudal pride, yet meets the traveller’s eye,
Where trickling streamlets gaily dance beneath the sunlight’s
glow,

And rugged rocks, and mossy glades alternate beauties show;
There rises yet one cloistered fane, a relic of the past,
Which centuries have looked upon, nor looked, as yet, their last,
Thine Abbey—*Tintern*—famed, alike in Minstrel-song and prayer,
A “thing of beauty” which decay can never make less fair.

Which time but silvers with his touch, to leave a costly stain,
 More reverent in the eyes of love, than youth's primeval grain;
 Yes! thou art fair! thy cloistered aisles, thy pointed arches tall,
 Thy windows rich in tracery, thine ivy-mantled wall;
 Thy grass-grown site where daisies dwell, and yellow oxlips
 bloom,

All mark thee with a life which lives beyond life's common doom.
 And yet, had walls but tongues as well, as fable gives them ears,
 Methinks *thine* might a tale unfold of mingled hopes and fears,
 Of blighted lives, ambition foiled, of vengeance gone astray;
 Of late repentance hovering o'er life's swiftly fleeting day,
 More rather than of holy choice, from holy dictate made
 The haven of poor shipwrecked souls whose part in life is played,
 Strange tales are told of gown and cowl, of whip, and knotted
 cord

Of passions chained in rocky cell, of horrors most abhorred;
 Of torments cunningly contrived, of death by tortures slow,
 Unwritten now in mercy's code for modern ears to know,
 All this *they* did, those Monks of old! so full of holy grace!
 Yet ever showed a smiling eye, a calm and placid face,
 Whate'er their grief, whate'er their sin, the world should never
 guess,

'Twas shrouded, coffin'd, all within, and buried——'neath their
 dress.

In bluff King Harry's boisterous time, when MERCY tried, in
 vain—

To hold up an *umbrella* in that very *stormy reign*,
 Then ministers, and wives, alike, had patience sorely taxed,
 And only ceased complaining too, when unpolitely "AXED."
 One Prior ANSELM ruled the roast in Tintern's holy fane,
 A man whose purity of life had never known a stain,
 (Whose christen'd name was, *something else*, which little matters
 now,

But changed to "ANSELM" when he took his first monastic vow)
 A man, whose chiefest pride it was in holding strictest rule
 O'er those he governed, for the time, head-master of his school;

Whose only weakness, curbed in vain, was that of many a sinner,

A weakness "tell it not in Gath," a weakness? for his dinner!
He loved good beef, and mutton too, nor turned up priestly nose
At ham, well cured, or boiled pigs-head, or even pettitoes,
He worship'd ducks, and geese, and fowls, in his peculiar way,
A worship, born of carnal hopes, not clerical, but lay,
Of portly presence, too, was he—befitting times and place,
A model Monk, if such may be, as full of flesh, as grace!
The fasting days of lenten time, had ended, and the morn
Of Easter, with its feast of flesh, had come, at last, to dawn;
Good Prior Anselm's black-robed host, with longing looks on all,
Were ranged, in order of their rank, within the chapel hall.
But ere those hungry Monks could feed on carnal food—Alas!
'Twas necessary every one should kneel at early mass,
Meanwhile, in their refectory, a staff of willing cooks
Were roasting meat, or trussing game, with joy in all their
looks;

One merry father plucked a goose, a second made a pie,
A third one spitted larks, *and swallowed too*, upon the sly!
A fourth sat basting the sirloin, and like a wicked man,
While no one watched him *slipp'd a sop within the dripping pan!*
A fifth—a sixth—a seventh as well, each labor'd at his post,
Beneath a "Chéf de Cuisine" who, as ruler of *that* roast
Was, also, the Sub-Prior, and had prayed a dispensation
(For self and staff) from tending Mass, by virtue of his station.
With gown tucked up, and cords relaxed, a joyous crew were
they
Who cooked that sumptuous dinner on that happy Easter day!

Within the sacred precincts of the Abbey's Altar-shrine,
A different scene was acted, with a fervour nigh divine,
There, ring the supplicating tones of three-score Monks and ten,
Whose "Kyrie-Elieson" had no falsehood in it then;
Whose "Gloria in Excelsis" sent a joyous shout on high,
Whose "Credo," springing from the heart, climbed up into the
sky.

Whose "Sanctus" had a holy ring, like metal good and true,
 (Be sure no counterfeit will pass where Heaven's own coin is due)
 Whose "Agnus-Dei" softly sung, in triads pure and sweet,
 Was music such as Heaven might claim, when Angels, weeping,
 meet;

Whose "Dona-Nobis" came at last, a thankful pause to claim,
 With *peace*, for its attendant, in the SAVIOUR'S holy name.

Then * * * * *

Harum-scarum, how they run! helter-skelter, every one!
 Portly Monk and lean lay-brother, tumbling over one another!
 In their haste like graceless sinners, eager only for their
 dinners!

Violating etiquette, shamefully, 'tis true,
 But then, what would not any set of hungry "fellahs" do?
 We've seen, at suppers, routs, and balls, in fashionable squares,
 Dukes, Marquises, and Barons shew exactly such like airs.
 Why then should poor long-fasting Monks not follow such like
 ways

When pressed by hunger, hard and fast, for forty mortal days?
 Bhey passed *all* out, that rabble rout, from Chapel to their
 dinner,

Save Prior Anselm, and *one* more, a better mannered sinner.

"Why pass *you* not" good Anselm cried "to dinner, with the
 rest?"

"Because *one* waits" the man replied, "without—to be confest,
 "He bears a purse well lined with gold, refreshing to the view,
 "And vows he will be shrived by none, save Priest of rank—
 like you."

"Admit him straight," the Prior spoke, "'tis meet we shrive
that sinner,

"Although extremely hard to be delayed from such a dinner;
 "Our fees, for shrift, have been of late but scanty in their dole
 "And though our charge for such has been quite moderate—on
 the whole,

"Good customers are very scarce, confound these Welsh, I say!

"They don't commit half sins enough to make our business pay!

"This man has gold. Admit him quick. We love a golden
 sinner;

"Perhaps, when he has made his shrift, he'll pick a bone at dinner !

"And if, within his soul there dwells the godly grace which ought

"He will not make confession long—but duly—cut it short!"

Of stalwart form, and soldier build, was he who came to kneel,
In penitential mood, his peccant troubles to reveal;

His brow was dark, his eye was fierce, his hair of matted grey,

Hung all unkempt upon his back, in sad neglected way ;

His hauberk, travel stained and worn, his sword nigh five feet
long,

Shew'd signs of many a battle, waged in aid of right (or wrong)

His boots were foreign, reaching high, with spurs of crimson
stain,

Betokening rider's eager haste, or courser's mighty strain ;

His bearing was not that of "Knight," with honor for his boon,

But rather of the "cut-throat," with a dash of "Piccaroon,"

Upon the whole, he looked a man, whom fate had cut adrift ;

And very like, indeed, to one who stood in lack of shrift.

"Gramercy, Holy Father," spoke that babe of doubtful grace,

"I need your special offices in lamentable case,

"'Tis nigh on thirty years ago since last my beads were told,

"So, shrive me, with befitting ease, for this full purse of gold."

"Good Prior Anselm crossed himself, but nathless gave reply,

"Your sins of thirty years, methinks, must in huge compass lie,

"Compress them, as thou mayest, within some reasonable space,

"And I will act accordingly, returning grace for grace."

"My tale is long," his suppliant cried, "I may not cut it short,

"'Tis one of fearful magnitude, and horrible import ;

"Of murder, theft, of sacrilege, of pillage, of rapine,

"Of perjury and burglary, and treason too, I ween,

"Of scaling convent walls, and thence abducting virgin nuns ;

"Of robbing negro parents of their daughters and their sons,

"Of cutting midnight throats, in haste, to steal men's cash away,

"Of finding Yeoman's cattle, which had never gone astray,

“Of gambling, dicing, and what not, with villianous intention,
“Besides some thousand other crimes, too numerous for mention.
“I have them, catalogued, all here, writ out by learned clerk,
“On vellum, twenty two yards long, attested by MY MARK!
“Wil’t please you scan the trifling list, and when the task be
done,
“Give absolution for the same, and pardon every one!”
“Hold back your hand” the Prior spoke. “I may not touch
yon scroll,
“Whatever be the magnitude of sins upon your soul,
“Your tongue must speak, and bended knee attest, with
humbled mien,
“Ere I, a priest, shall dare to stand your God and you between
“In yon confessional bend down, mine ear shall then take in,
“And whatsoe’er the magnitude, relieve thee of thy sin.”

For three distressful hours, or more, those two held converse
low,
That Priest and penitent, alone, both screen’d from outward
show,
Yet what *one* spoke, and what *one* heard, no mortal’s pen may
write,
Confession’s seal o’er all is set, black, black, as black midnight!
But when, at length, good Anselm came once more to light of
day,
His hair, which erst had chestnut been, *was turned to ashen gray!*
Nay more, his speech had well nigh fled, his eyes, with tears,
were dim,
He trembled like a palsied man, in every quivering limb.
Such horror chained his tongue: alack! its functions had to
this-come,
He could not yield *that* penitent, the usual “pax-vobiscum,”
But shaped itself in silent prayer that Heaven, in mercy good,
Might send no more such penitent, *to freeze his very blood!*
The bag of gold, his hungry clutch so late had closed upon,
He took from out his leathern pouch, and dashed against the
stone.

Then turned his back, and would have passed in doleful mood
away,

But that his penitent cried out, in piteous accents "Stay !

"One other sin I would confess that weighs upon my soul

"More heavily than any yet—aye, heavier than the whole.

"Tis this, and while the words come forth, my grief I scarce
can smother,

"For surely, as I live and breathe, I slew my only brother."

"Oh ! horrible ! most horrible !" the startled Prior cried.

"Oh ! wretched man ! a second Cain ? Oh ! cruel fratricide :"

"E'en as thou wilt" that sinner spoke, "'twas thus it came
about,

"And of not quite an accident, befriend me such a doubt.

"As twins, of one dear mother born, myself and brother grew,

"Like apples, blossoming on one stalk, most beautiful to view,

"We loved, as only twins could love, till discord came between,

"And cut us from the parent stem, while yet our love was
green.

"It was a pink-faced Miller's maid, whose eyes of liquid blue

"Looked kindlier on my brother, than I thought that brother's
due ;

"We quarrelled, he and I, one day, for that fair maiden's sake,

"And fought between yon river's side, and yonder hazel brake.

"We wrestled, fell, then rose again, till by one luckless blow,

"With nigh a giant's mighty strength, I laid that brother low ;

"A breathless clod of human clay, no woman's idol then,

"And I, the dealer of that death, the wretchedest of men !

"With madness seized, I bent me down, and looked upon his
face

"To note my mother's features there, in all their loving grace ;

"I dared not meet that mother's eye—so—pondering, as I stood,

"Took up my brother's senseless form, and cast it in the flood,

"I saw the river close it o'er, then hastened far away,

"An outcast, and a murderer, till this unhappy day :

"The Devil tempted me to sin, he hounds me on, e'en now

"Else would I turn me from the scent, and take the holy vow !"

Uprose the Prior's stately form, two inches more in height,
His eye lit up with something strange to its accustomed light;
His cheek—all blanched, till now—o'ercome with flush of rosy
red,

As thus, to his dire penitent, in solemn tones he said.

"Take heart of grace for *that* one sin. I would, to Heaven, the
rest,

"Might be atoned as readily, or bear thy conscience test;

"*Your brother did not die!* BUT LIVES! yon river's cooling wave

"Closed o'er him for one instant—but, his charmed life to save,

"He rose, he battled with the flood, its mastery to gain,

"And reached the shore to seek—alas! his brother, but in vain.

"Lift up your eyes, and if so be, the name you bear is 'MINGO,'

"In me—not dead, as you suppose. *Behold the living 'Jingo!'*"

What pen shall write, what power shall tell the joyful recognition
Between those two long sundered hearts, of strangely wide
condition!

The one all spotless in his fame, the other, black as night,
Yet brethren, through one kindred tie, in blackest crime's despite.
They gazed into each other's eyes, they clasped each other's hand,
With feelings neither of the twain could rightly understand,
They yearned towards each other, in a manner quite correct
(The same as done upon the stage, with excellent effect)

But also yearned for something else, their mutual wants to meet,
That something being, need we tell? A something good to eat!
They longed, in short, for dinner! So, with steps of eager haste
They bent them towards the dining hall, no further time to
waste,

But found—Oh, horror! NOTHING left, of all that festive store;
The haunch, the sirloin, and the game—were each and all—NO,
MORE!

Those hungry Monks had eaten *all*—the roast, the boiled, the
fried—

The fish, the flesh, the soup, the bread, with everything beside.
The very platters had been licked, the dishes too, I wot,

One only thing remaining ——— 'twas ——— some mustard
in a pot!

The gluttons had forgot their chief, in hunger's mighty strain,
And gorged themselves so extra full: they could no more retain.
Then, sought their pallets, just like hogs, to grunt the time away,
Or dream, perchance, of feasts to come, another Easter day!

The Prior groaned, the Prior sighed, he really very nearly cried,
But, to the larder quickly hied, where NOTHING he again espied;
Save one poor plate of toasted cheese, some four or five days old,
And one poor slice of oaten cake, all blue with damp and mould.
On which *the pair*, full sorely pressed, were fain, at last to dine,
Assisted by one half-pint jug of ADAM'S famous wine!
Yet still, when rising from that meal, good Anselm meekly said
"We thank thee, ever blessed Lord, for this, our daily bread."

Next day a sorrowing cry arose, within that Abbey's wall—
For PENANCE fell right heavily, at retribution's call;
Those Monks had nought to eat or drink, save bread and water—
all,
No beef, no mutton, pork nor veal, for one long lingering week,
Till fasting brought them all so low, they scarce could move or
speak;
"Peccavi" was their ceaseless cry, to Heaven's o'erarching
throne,
"Peccavi! oh, Peccavi," rose in one continuous groan;
But when, at last, *fat-Sunday* came, and feasting own'd their
care,
Be sure they let their Prior, and his brother take their share!

Thus ends our tale, save what is left, one sole remaining joint—
(All tails, e'en of Kilkenny cats, have one small final point)
Six weeks passed o'er, the brothers twain, in gentle converse
met,
The godly and the godless one, each willing to forget.
The Prior, hoping to prevail, and win his brother's soul,

To thoughts of holiness beyond this wicked world's control;
 He led him on, by loving words, his stubborn heart to bow,
 And promise, in due course of time, to take the sacred vow.
 But, mark the force of early crime, *too* strong to set aside,
 Which surges on—resistless—like the ocean's swelling tide;
On that same day, which should have seen him join God's holy state,
*He bolted from his brother—*WITH THE WHOLE COMMUNION PLATE!
 What next that wretched thief befel, we never heard nor cared,
 And truly it don't matter how the wily villain fared—
 But, of good Anselm, 'tis but just his virtues we record,
 By stating that when passed from earth to Heaven, for his
 reward;
 The Pope and all his Cardinals, in solemn conclave met,
 To canonise so good a man, lest ages should forget.
 And did the thing, genteelly too, with all befitting grace,
 By name "ANSELMO," as we find in many a votive place;
 But while thy proudly dubb'd him *so*, in Rome's high sounding
 lingo,
 We English people know right well, his proper name is "JINGO!"

A CLERK'S EVENING.

All day in the dark city must I toil,
 All day, but when the evening star is lit,
 And the streets, emptied of their long turmoil,
 Lie populous but quiet under it,
 Then turn I homewards with a quiet heart;
 For as the well known street at last I quit
 The day's anxieties and cares depart,
 The crimson west is fading, and the night
 (Would I were ever wandering here apart)
 Increases, and the moon her crescent white.
 Yet I, though nought this perfect beauty mars,
 Am sad,—Alas! not long the unearthly light
 Of sunset gleams against our prison bars.

SONGSMITH.

TINTS OF EVENING.

Tints of evening—steeped in gold !
In your holy sight we stay ;
Glancing from your regions cold,
Here your lustrous light display—
Gleam within my darling's eyes !
Oh ! in softest hues untold,
There with love's fresh beams arise :
Tints of evening—steeped in gold !

To *her* eyes' dear blushing light :
To these sunny seats of bliss !
Wend, rare hues, O, wend your flight,
And these founts of rapture kiss.
Forth in mutual peace we glance
Fondly 'twards your high abode :
For swelleth in our breasts expanse
Of dear emotions, heaven-bestowed !

Glittering through the leafy spray
Of the sighing boughs aloft,
O'er my love your huelets play,
As fair love's irradiance soft,
While we feel your lustre flow,
And its glorious garb unfold ;
Then with us stay—in grandeur glow !
Tints of evening !—steeped in gold.

E. S. LITTLETON.

A ROYAL WEDDING.

Open doors and windows wide,
For the year has brought his bride,
Princess May with garlands gay,
And chaplet fair on sun gold hair
Of hawthorns pink and white.

Robe of emerald velvet pile,
Clasped with Margerite, the white
Speedwell and clover, red white all over,
Broidered are the folds of the train that holds
Place in highest court of state.

Butterfly gossamer veil that flies
Fairily over the deep blue eyes,
Hands together, slight hold the wavy white
Posy of lilybells, softly her stories tells
Sweet song of her loving.

Already as wood doves call
Through the green aisles that fall
Silverly cooing, daintily wooing,
Stealing away every heart this day
The bonnie bonnie Princess May.

Hark! the thousand voiced choir
Swells the bridal hymn yet higher:
And smiling adown the sky without frown
Blesses the day and blesses the way
Of the year and his Peerless Bride.

SILBER.

IN MEMORIAM.

Dora Holmes.

O! peaceful sleeper, still and calm ;
Is this the end of earth's brief psalm ;
Is this the end of all our tears ;
Of all our hopes, of all our fears,
This dreamless sleep ?

Oh ! no dear child we will not weep ;
For well we know our God doth keep
Thy ransomed spirit, blest and free ;
By His own side eternally—
Why should we weep ?

Our Father surely knoweth best
What time to give His loved ones rest ;
And now thy feet securely stand
Beside the throne, at God's right hand,
Why should we weep ?

Oft in the night she whispered low,
Wash me, and make me white as snow ;
Oh ! wash me white and make me sweet ;
My risen King of Kings to greet.
Why should we weep ?

What though earth's charms may us assail,
We know thee safe within the veil,
Where never sickness, grief or pain
Shall trouble thy sweet rest again.
Why should we weep ?

What though we sorely miss thy smile,
And many a loving word ; meanwhile
We give to God in perfect trust,
The child he only lent to us—
Why should we weep ?

Still many a sweet, and hidden thing,
 From out thy grave for us will spring;
 Still many a flower of brightest bloom
 Grow up for us, from out thy tomb.

Why should we weep?

Nay; sweetly rest, 'tis not for long;
 We soon may gain the ransomed throng;
 We soon may reach the silent shore
 Where sin, and pain, and death, no more
 Shall make us weep.

A. A.

A FRAGMENT.

By the stream of the beautiful long he sits,
 Wooing a treasure till even late,
 To compass a capture is puzzling his wits,
 A weary while does the poet wait;
 Full many a pleasure in loveliness flits,
 Laughing at efforts of rhyming pate;
 It seems he may only bear away
 His dreams untold of the summer day.

Will the beauty be won of a mystic line?
 A prize of language triumphant nears,
 And grim is his grip of the fancy divine,
 Joyous for angler in fairy spheres.
 A pensive emotion he wills to enshrine,
 The lachrymose may cherish in tears,
 Or lark-like lay, as gladsome as fair,
 Living in sunlight of song fore'er.

CORNELIUS NEALE.

TO A ROSEBUD.

Tender little rosebud,
 Freshly budding gem,
 I a lover pull thee—
 Pull thee—from thy stem.
 Ladies care to have thee :
 Carest thou for them ?

Crimson-tinted flower,
 Trembling with the dew,
 My sweet love shall have thee,
 And shall keep thee too.
 Trembling on her bosom,
 Trembling not with dew.

F. H. P.

A DREAM.

I had a pleasant dream one night,
 As ever dream might be ;
 I thought that thou didst love me sweet,
 As I have e'en lov'd thee ;
 I thought thine eyes on me did smile,
 As I have seen them oft ;
 And that the music of thy voice,
 Came to me sweet and soft ;
 I thought—but yet, it matters not,
 What joys then fill'd my breast ;
 Or whether it was fancy,
 All those charms but half confessed,
 But, oh the bliss of years was mine,
 In one bright proud array,
 And sorrow now would never come,
 Or quick be chas'd away.

J. C. MOLLETT.

A TERRIBLE SECRET.

BY E. A. WEIR.

It was a terrible secret; and I had kept it so long that its weight had become oppressive, almost more than I could bear. Had there been the smallest loophole of escape, the slightest chance that I might at some future period be relieved of my intolerable burden of remorse, I would have striven to bear it patiently—but no after penance which I might set myself could atone for the sin of my youth.

Seven years ago, whilst spending some holiday months in the country, following for the time the romantic occupation of a landscape painter, I fell in love with the only daughter of my hostess; and after much persuasion on my part we were secretly married.

Mary was very pretty, childishly pretty and innocent, but alas! her education had made her no fit companion for me, and knowing well that my relations would refuse to receive her even though my wife, I made one excuse after another to delay my return to town, until an imperative summons from my father showed me the impossibility of longer putting off our parting.

Bidding a sad farewell to my tearful little wife, and with many comforting assurances of my love and constancy, I left Hazeldean for my London home, not without some foreboding of impending evil.

We had living with us at that time a ward of my father's, Lily Keane, and for many years I had known that this was the girl whom my parents desired me to marry—nor did the lady herself omit to give me every possible encouragement consistent with her sex, while I, to disarm suspicion, paid her many and marked attentions.

One evening, on my return from escorting Lily to the theatre, I found a telegram from my wife awaiting me which announced the sudden death of my mother-in-law, and entreated my immediate presence; so next morning, informing my parents that

I was called away on important business, I started for Hazel-dean, and in a few hours was with my wife.

It was well for me (or at least so I imagined) that Mary had no near relatives remaining who would be inquisitive as to her fate, since I was thus enabled to take the poor unresisting child to a quiet sea-side town a few miles distant, and leave her in the care of the landlady of apartments which in my bachelor days I had often occupied.

Having devoted a few days to my disconsolate bride, I again sought my home on the receipt of a note from my father, in which he spoke of an impending family trouble which might be averted by my presence—I had suspected for some time past that owing to an unfortunate speculation, my father had involved some of his ward's money unjustifiably, and my worst fears were realised when acquainting me with all the details he implored me to save him from utter ruin and disgrace by marrying the girl he had wronged.

Could I, seeing him thus suffer, tell him now of my marriage? Alas rendered cowardly by my filial affection I promised obedience to his wishes, and the same day became engaged to Lily Keane. The engagement could be a long one, and surely providence would intervene to prevent any untoward results.

Thus months passed away; until the constant secret weight which I had to bear begun to tell upon my health, and my parents urged another holiday tour. It is hardly necessary to say that I did not lose the opportunity for visiting the little sea port town where my wife still lived and waited for me.

Now that we were constantly together my former love for Mary returned, and for a short time we were happy; but the dream was soon to be effaced by the dreary future which was in store for me.

One day, having persuaded her to accompany me for a row we went down to the shore, hired a boat, and were launched, notwithstanding many cautions of an approaching storm by the idling boatman upon the beach. Oh, that never to be forgotten morning! every look, every sentence almost my wife spoke, every feature of her fair face are so indelibly stamped upon my memory that time has no power to obliterate one of them.

For about two hours I leisurely rowed along the coast ; and then reminded of the boatman's prophecy by a vivid flash of lightning and the first drops from an over-hanging storm-cloud, I turned the boat about for home. However as the tempest increased Mary was terribly frightened, and clung to me preventing my rowing, until at last I was compelled to let the boat drift.

How it happened I cannot tell, but a huge wave suddenly dashed against us, and I found myself in the water with my wife's arms around my neck, and then (I am sure it was not till then) the fiendish thought flashed through my mind that here was the opportunity for saving the family from disgrace, and permitting me to marry Lily Keane.

No sooner had it occurred to me than I unloosed Mary's arms from my neck, noticing as I did so that she opened her blue eyes widely and gave one last despairing look, and then, not daring to turn my head, I struck out desperately for the shore.

(To be continued.)

CONVENT BELLS.

The Convent bells are ringing,
Methinks I hear them say
"There's peace for the heavy laden
If they'll come here and pray."

The Convent bells are ringing,
Our wandering feet to win ;
Like Angel voices telling
That Christ doth pardon sin.

The Convent bells are ringing,
Making our pulses beat;
They seem to tell of Heaven,
And friends we long to meet.

Then, ring on sweet bells, ring on,
New hope your tones impart;
When travellers are world-weary
You soothe their grief worn heart.

E. A. KILLICK.

BREEZES WHEN YOU MEET HIM.

Little knew I my own heart,
When I bade him leave me;
Not a thought had I that e'er
His absence much would grieve me.
And cruel were the words with which
My scornful lips did greet him,
But say I've oft regretted them—
Breezes when you meet him.

And should you find him pale and sad
Against his hard fate crying,
Bid him to no longer mourn,
For I too, am sighing—
And tell him to come back to me,
Through all the wide world seek him,
And whisper that I love him well,
Breezes when you meet him.

B. C.

EASTER.

'Tis Easter; but the wind is swift and keen,
 And the snow is white upon the wrinkled earth,
 The primroses and violets on the green
 Of their own leaves lie fainting, slain at birth.
 Thus often in the brief sweet spring of life
 Our hearts put forth their flowers of love and trust,
 Which bloom, till wintry Truth cuts like a knife
 To the deep root, then faint, and fade to dust.

CHRISTMAS.

Is the year mad? that thus at point of death
 He frolicks, like a bacchanal at feast,
 Peals forth glad bells, and gives his icy breath
 To songs and shouts, instead of prayers and rest,
 Or would he, like the setting sun, appear
 Most bright, and gorgeous when eclipse is near,
 Striving his bitterness and fear to hide
 With wild unnatural mirth, and show of pride?

ROBERT BLAKE.

BOYHOOD.

How often we think of the scenes unsurpass'd
 In rollicking hours of play,
 In the mirror of mind immortally glass'd,
 Recalling with joy their luminous track,—
 Evolving a beautiful ray.
 Grown old, and lamenting such scenes could not last,
 What an exquisite pleasure to think of the past,
 When moments of memory carry us back,
 To boyhood's exuberant day!

J. S. THOMPSON.

DEPARTURE OF THE BIRDS.

I saw the Spring-tide's tender leaves
 Sprout in the upland wood,
I saw the garlands Flora weaves
 Margin the wandering flood ;
I saw the meadow scattered o'er
 With verdure, flocks and herds.
I heard the melody once more,
 Of the sweet Summer birds.

Then came the sunshine's glorious time,
 Fruition's hand-maid she ;
The groves and fields were in their prime,
 The corn was on the lea.
And there was joy in every note,
 As though they spoke in words,
That came in echoes o'er the moat,
 Of the sweet Summer birds.

I thought of the far climes from whence,
 The feathered songsters flew :
The tropical magnificence,
 That in those regions grew.
And I felt proud of Britain's bowers,
 A thought that oft recurred,
That they had left those realms for ours,
 Each gentle Summer bird.

The Cuckoo, and the Nightingale,
 The Black-cap too was there,
The White-throat flitted through the vale,
 And music filled the air.
The Swallows toyed above the stream,
 And all within me stirred ;
As basking neath the brilliant beam,
 That brought each Summer bird.

I cannot stay to picture them,
But seem to see them now,
Amid the dew-drops diadem,
Or on the coppice brow.
I seem—for like the milky flow,
That Time has turned to curds,
No more the woods their verdure know,
To shade the Summer birds.

But God is good, and all is well,
That He ordains to be,
I feel it, though I could not tell
The cause of His decree.
But here I see that these sweet things,
From parting flight deterred,
Would flit no more on flitting wings,
Each drooping Summer bird.

The myriad tribes that wing their way,
Through Ether's sultry noon,
Have sunk with the expiring ray,
And perished, oh! how soon!
The yellow leaf, and lengthening night,
Cannot be long deferred,
And instinct prompts the backward flight,
Of every Summer bird.

Then welcome each as some old friend,
When summer brings them thus,
And feel a pride that they should spend,
Their nesting time with us.
Harm them not, think that they have passed
Half of the line that girds
This Earth, since we have seen them last,
And love the Summer birds.

O. S. ROUND.

NOT LOST.

(By the Author of "Song Drifts.")

Not lost—the hopes we cherished,
They have not perished,
But bear their fruits in the endeavour,
That makes us ever
Aspire, aspire.

Not lost—the love that lifted
Our youth, and gifted
Our life with memories sweet and tender—
It lives immortal, yet to render
The heart's desire.

Not lost—those words of warning,
When danger scorning
We rushed impetuous on our wild career,
They linger o'er us,
Too swell the chorus
If aught of triumph crown our toiling here.

And words of pity,
In crowded city,
Dropped kind and dew-like on the bleeding heart,
Die not for-ever,
Lost in that rushing river,
But find a lodgement—never to depart.

Not lost—tho' all things vanish,
And Death may banish
Our dearest joy,
This much remaineth,
And faith sustaineth,
Truth, Mercy, Beauty, nothing can destroy.

AT THE GRAVE OF MICHAEL BRUCE

(IN PORTMOAK CHURCHYARD).

I.

The children of one king one rank retain,
 And he that is the youngest, in his plays
 Is none the less a prince with him who sways
 A sceptre in the father-king's domain
 Apportioned to his years: so I were fain,
 Out of my love for one of gentle ways
 And golden promise of his youth, to raise
 The whole poetic choir of every strain
 To one great level: and, that I may guard
 A life so gentle from debate, and shun
 Conflicting with the critic's nice award,—
 I will prevent idle comparison
 By naming in one breath England's great Bard,
 Milton, and Bruce, Apollo's realmless son.

II.

MILTON and MICHAEL BRUCE: not thine the blame,
 Sweet minor poet of my native shire,
 If thus the mighty master of the lyre
 And thou be linked together name to name.
 Yet *here*, however wide the master's fame
 Burn in our English heav'ns a deathless fire
 While thy small taper threatens to expire,
 I soberly must think your meeds the same.
 'Tis true thy genius crept in narrow groove
 While his soared sunward beyond common ken;
 But as the power of mighty poets move
 Only the mighty, so thy simple pen
 Perhaps as great an influence doth prove
 Upon the simple lives of common men.

III.

Twas his to cheer the Leaders of the Throng
 That moves between the moaning of two seas
 Darkling—between the two eternities—
 With the high hopes of his unclouded song :
 Of Light he sang, and rolled its beams along
 The skies of human life : the vales and leas
 Catch not the rays that light the hills and trees ;
 And Milton's strength was only for the strong.
 But thou wert in the throng, and stooped thy brow,
 Lambent with heaven's own light, among the low,
 And sang sweet hymns to cheer the passing *now*,
 And raised sweet hopes of a bright morning-glow.

J. LOGIE ROBERTSON, A.M.

MUSIC.

E'en as a feather that the wind doth whirl,
 Or as the ocean rolls the pebbles round,
 So Music's strains my inmost feelings stir
 To every passion by their powerful sound.
 Anon with war I rage, or pity melt,
 Or am by dark and wild despairings gnawed ;
 Some mighty want makes all its yearnings felt,
 Or I'm by undefined misgivings awed.
 My soul with music's grand and lofty strains
 Mounts upward to its native home, the skies ;
 But love, alone, supremely in me reigns
 When Music's softest melodies arise.

Anon I trip and dance with jocund glee
In fair Arcadian lands of bloom and bliss,
And in my spirit's joyous revelry
I lose all thoughts of meaner worlds like this,
For Music's soft and dulcet strains disperse
The dark surroundings of our earthly state,
In waves of melody our souls immerse,
And by their power our sinking thoughts elate.
Now on mine ear some well-remembered air
Doth conjure up a bygone hour and mood,
And brings to mind the place or vision fair
That with impressive power my heart imbued,
Bright visions dawn and loving faces smile
On me as 'neath sweet Music's spell I dream,
Its heaven-born harmonies my thoughts beguile
And drown my cares as tho' in Lethe's stream.
My soul could feel no depth of love for him
Who hath for Music's sounds but lukewarm love;
To whom their meanings are confused and dim,
Which seem to me echoes of songs above.

M. Y. W.

"A DAY-DREAM."

Was it but brief bright dreaming,
On that lovely night in May,
When soft blue eyes were gleaming,
Like the eyes of those that pray,
Star-crowned with mystic brightness
In the radiant land above,

Enrobed in stainless whiteness,
 Like the purity of love ?
 Was it but brief bright dreaming,
 Or beauty merely seeming,
 That rapturous thrills sent streaming,
 Through my brain and heart that night ;
 Or busy fancies teaming,
 In star-rays softly beaming,
 A gentle, happy deeming
 Of the dawn of gladsome light ?

Was it the glorious meeting,
 Of a kindred soul with soul,
 Love's brightest link completing,
 In one sweet harmonious whole ;
 Pure, perfect, undivided,
 In an endless spirit-chain ;
 A fearless faith confided
 Free from weary doubt or pain ?
 Was it the swift awaking
 Of a thirsty spirit slaking
 All its weariness and aching
 At the fountain-head of Light ;
 The fairest streams forsaking,
 For the silver waters breaking,
 Melodious music making,
 As they rushed upon the sight ?

I cannot tell its story,
 But it lives within my heart,
 A dream of fadeless glory,
 That no time shall bid depart ;
 A star-gem flashing fairly
 On life's cloud-encircled way,
 A rosebud reddening rarely,
 'Neath the sunny breath of May.

For memory is ringing
 Around me still, and flinging
 The sweetness of its singing,
 O'er the weariness of Time ;
 I hear the fairy winging
 Of angel fancies bringing,
 With dew-drops gently clinging,
 The wreath of song sublime.

A. W. P. ALLAN.

GENTLE WORDS.

Oh! gentle words,—who has not felt their power
 To soothe and cheer in sorrows darkest hour ?
 Or known at their sweet echo, strife to cease,
 And twine again the olive leaves of peace.

The sharp retort of satire may *seem* clever,
 But nought so soon the links of friendship sever ?
 Then never let the "golden rule" be broken,
 And none but gentle words be ever spoken.

F. W. H.

LEGENDS.

In the midst of our prosaic
 World of work-day thought, we find
 Some old legends, quaint, mosaic,
 Painted by the artist mind.

Fancies, we would fain believe in,
 Adding charms to all we know,
 With their beauty oft retrieving,
 Many hours of bitter woe.

Hover round the outward boundary,
Of our world of care and strife,
Cheering us in this great foundry,
Of the iron facts called life.

Let us not uncomprehending,
Cast away as worthless dross,
Legend law, lest we offending,
'Gainst its knowledge, meet with loss.

Flowers and weeds the earth are filling,
Pluck we flowers of every kind,
Touch not, noxious weeds distilling,
Poisons, hurtful to the mind.

Legends of the kindly lares ?
Let us all believe them true,
Fill our homes with household fairies,
Loves and graces, not a few.

Trample down the weeds unbidden,
Cast revengeful legends by,
Pleasant fairy tales tho chidden,
Tell beneath the brightening sky.

Tho' this life of toil persistent,
Knows no fairies, such as start
From the boundless depths existent,
In a child's o'er flowing heart.

Yet where love doth watch, dispelling
Gloomy clouds, and making bright
Homely faces, in that dwelling.
Fairies dance by fire light.

And its hearth, however lowly,
 'Tho it burn but humble sods,
 In some hearts, is held as holy,
 As an altar to the Gods.

BENJAMIN GEORGE AMBLER.

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